Sweet Tooth

A HIYOKO SAIONJI ZINE

FOREWORD

Hello and welcome to Sweet & Sour, A Hiyoko Saionji Zine.

While her fans are few and far between, there is none more dedicated and passionate than fans of Hiyoko. She’s sassy and strong, and has her moments, but underneath that sour shell is a sweet chewy center that 30 wonderful contributors knew and came to love by making this project possible.

From all of us to you, the readers, we hope you find something sweet in the pages of this zine. We certainly did in making it.

Happy Birthday Hiyoko!

09/03/2024

beelizines

99¢

Lil sweeties & Lil meanies

Chance to win a trip to Jabberwock island !!

Sweet & Sour

hiyoko

Gummies

Made of 100% natural sugars

Pathetic

by Psychiccupid, illustrated by Ari and Eli

The ants go marching one by one, all to fall under Hiyoko's thumb.

Squish. Squish. Squish. Squish.

She doesn't really know why she's doing it. Part of her knows it's for a sense of control, the other part just doesn't want to communicate with any of these weirdos. Or, maybe the bug's tummies make funny noises when they pop, and she's never been told she *can't* kill them.

Apparently, she's stranded on an island of friendship and adventure, and why would she have any reason to doubt that? Between her grandmother, her parents, and her fans, there's no way people don't know exactly where she is.

So she chooses not to worry. Chooses to use her freedom to treat her peers like she would her maids: as if they mean nothing to her. "Squish, Squish!"

It works on Hajime Hinata. He's curious and takes this way too seriously. The poor guy looks like he's about to keel over from sheer stress. Pfft! How funny! Nagito is a bit different. Looking through her and not at her.

Hajime comments on her outward personality. Nagito comments on her talents.

Neither of them weep for the ants…

She means it when she calls them pathetic.

As everyone else runs off to change into their swimsuits, Hiyoko stays behind. She bets these students are nasty perverts who would probably love to see her tiny self in skimpy bathwear! So, no thank you! She's happy right here in the sand.

But she is decidedly *not* happy when the clouds overhead change. The group is told to meet on the center island, and things start to feel ominous. Only a little, though. Her father would never let anything truly bad happen to her.

Everyone else seems to be either bored, anxious, or some combo of the two. And then there's Hajime again, wearing this stupid look like he's been correct this whole time. Yeah right. What a stick in the mud.

She doesn't know many names or faces—doesn't really care to know them—but she *is* good at reading emotions, emulating them. Over there, the girl with the red skirt, clearly showing off her nasty cow-chest, looks ready to fight. A different girl with the dumbest bangs Hiyoko has ever seen could break if someone so much as breathed at her with how tense she is. That blonde guy, the one that's about her height with the cute-yet-grumpy face, keeps looking around for someone or something; whether it's in attack or defense she doesn't know.

And then, suddenly, she's gazing upon a monochrome talking teddy bear. This one's face doesn't change, and she can't even slightly read it, but it's definitely dangerous, and the others are definitely reacting.

The whole time, she thinks this is a hilarious, funny prank. Stupid, for sure. But certainly high tech with a lot of thought. The idiot who pulled this off had some guts for sure. Ones she'd love to squish out for scaring her for a teeny second.

Only once it's too late will she realize it's pathetic.

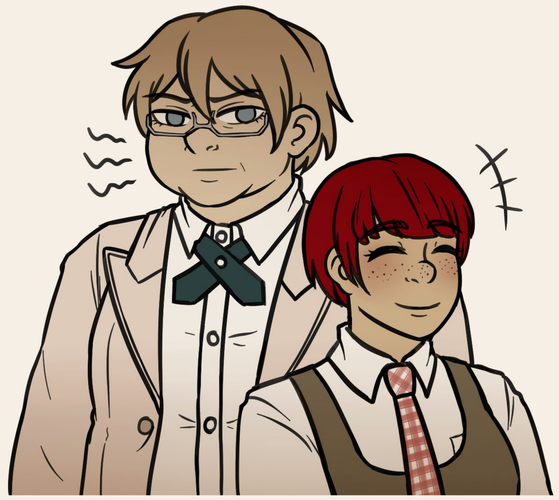
All these losers are so scared of death it makes her laugh.

Like, sure, she doesn't want to *die,* but c'mon… things die all the time—her *family* dies all the time. Horribly. So what's so special about any of them that they have anything to be worried about? Just because they're 'Ultimates' or whatever? Pfft! Hilarious! Instead, she chooses to spend her energy elsewhere, making herself feel better by picking on the easiest targets. God. Mikan and Soda are so easy. Their buttons are on their sleeves, and she is an expert at unraveling the cloth in the way of getting under people's skin.

What else is there to do? Die? No thank you.

She will keep herself at a distance, make herself unapproachable. That's what she's always done and that's what she always will do, simply because every single person lets her get away with it time and time again.

Then there's Byakuya and… Mahiru. They don't seem like they're scared of anyone or anything. Always speaking their minds, always making sure their opinions are known. Hiyoko is the same way, but the way those two go about it seems much more grown up. People listen to them not because they're forced to, but because they *want* to.



In fact, they listen so much that everyone agrees to have this stupid party in this ugly shack. They let themselves get felt up and explored for the sake of safety, and all Hiyoko can do is joke about it.

Until none of it is a joke anymore. Byakuya is found lying there dead and she realizes before *any* of these idiots that they have to find out whodunnit or else they're all going to die as well. Now she's just angry and she's going to let *everyone know how useless they are.*

An investigation happens without her. The elevator ride down is cramped and awful.

Hajime stands on one side of her podium, Nekomaru the other, and she's never felt more irritated in her whole life.

…

The way Teruteru babbles for his life is truly pathetic.

When everyone meets again like normal, she's more confused than anything. Why the heck are they all sad? It's not like they all knew each other. Plus, one of them *killed* the other. They're totally justifying murder! Gross perv totally got what he deserved! Byakuya, too, honestly. *That's* what happens to people who meddle, to people who make themselves the heroes.

And, worst of all?

She reeks! Like, really reeks! It's so embarrassing. So much, in fact, that she can't help herself but to cry and cry and cry! How could they say that about her!? How could they be so cruel!?

Then, Mahiru offers to help, simply because the others were being 'so insensitive' as Mahiru put it, and it's… well it's honestly really *kind.* Despite how mean she was acting to everyone only just yesterday, Mahiru shows her patience when people are bullying *her.*

Has anyone ever done that before? Meh, whatever. She goes to shower with Mahiru, and the deaths of two of her classmates fade behind her. When was the last time she was pampered like this anyway? It's not like it's one-sided, either! Hiyoko is *just* as helpful to Mahiru! They may have only just gotten close right now, but already Hiyoko feels so happy!

So, so happy.

Until that pigshit game-motive ruins everything.

Sweet Mahiru—*perfect* Mahiru—asks to meet up, and of course, Hiyoko says yes. Who cares about a stupid beach party when the only good person on this island looks so torn and humbled!?

A letter arrives, changing the location, and because it's Mahiru, Hiyoko doesn't mind. Not one bit. She walks into that beach house eager to help and then…

Cloth. Darkness. Silence. *Slumber.*

When she wakes up, she's groggy and disillusioned. How did she get on the floor in this stuffy room!?
Some light peeks in from the slide door and she slides it open to—

Lying in a heap on the floor is Mahiru. Mahriu who only hours ago spoke to her with determination. Who days ago bathed her with care and patience. Mahiru, her joy, her happiness… now covered in blood.

Panicking, Hiyoko sprints out of the room at full speed, full to the brim with tears she won't stop crying for hours. She doesn't take in her footprints in the sand, doesn't investigate again, doesn't even acknowledge any of those *ugly, nasty, evil, pig-shit fuckers.* Her room is the only place she has, leaving it only to lie that she never *ever* saw Mahiru before returning permanently.

But it's no use. Monokuma drags her to the rocks anyway, and she's forced to stand in that trial. Forced to hear every gruesome detail. Forced to *defend herself.* She didn't do this. There was no way she could've done this! How can't any of these idiots see she's being framed!?

Those… ***Ha!*** Those aren't even the gummies she eats! The minute they prove her innocence, a fire rages in her soul.

Only when Peko's body slumps to the floor, Fuyuhiko by her side, does Hiyoko feel any sense of serenity. May they rot forever and ever *and ever* in hell where they belong.

…

With all the love and despair in her heart, she gets to work late at night, something she'd never do otherwise—would never do for anyone else—and begins making an homage of the most epic proportions. She misses Mahiru so much. In just a few days, that forgettable redhead went from being a noisy, opinionated know-it-all, to someone Hiyoko truly, truly cherished. Each piece of the display is packed tenderly with her emotions, each candle lit with extreme care.

In the morning, everyone comes in and hates it.

Strange how they're actually able to make her feel pathetic.

How dare Fuyuhiko just waltz in here like everything is going to be okay. Mahiru is dead because of him! Everyone seems so happy that he's here and alive and it just makes Hiyoko even *angrier.* She can't stop glaring. Can't stop staring. All she wants is to wring his stupid, ugly snake-neck so tight that everyone fears her for the rest of their days here.

But he… he slits his own stomach wide open. He's escorted away and Chiaki asks her, "What would Mahiru think?" shutting her up entirely.

Mahiru would be pissed! Mahiru would be *furious!* Just like Hiyoko is! The rage that seethes under her skin is nothing she's ever felt before. One minute, Mahiru was alive, and now she's gone and Hiyoko is lonely and she's…

Even when her father wasn't around, and she missed him terribly, there were always maids, and fans, and her grandma.

Now? She just has… these losers that hate her. These losers that she hates in return.

A sigh leaves her lips late at night, and she knows Mahiru would forgive them eventually, was probably already trying to do so when she got killed. So, Hiyoko tries. Just for a little bit. Fuyuhiko puts his best foot forward, she does the same—then Nekomaru gets blasted in the goddamn chest and it all crashes again.

If she trusts these people, if she "befriends" these people, she is going to die. She is going to die a worthless, meaningless death.

Disease breaks out. It's getting worse. Locking herself away to protect herself is the only logical conclusion.

But when she does, she tries to be responsible. If she is going to survive, she needs to be able to do things on her own, unable to rely on any of the others. So, she showers. She can't let them bully her again, it would crumble her resolve.

For the first time since Mahiru's passing, she feels clean, like she's washed away at least a little bit of her problems, like things aren't as awful as they are. Mahiru taught her how to tie her sash so obviously she—

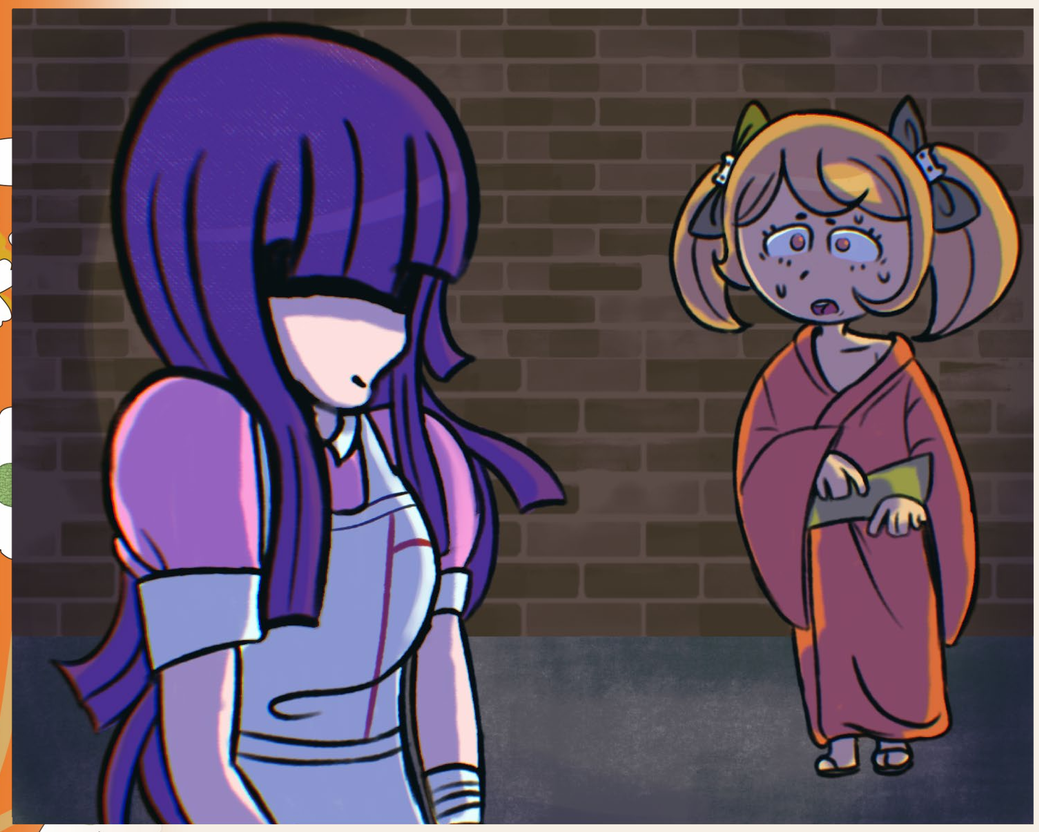
She… can't do it. No matter how she tries it doesn't look right. Doesn't look like how *Mahiru* used to do it. Not even like her family used to. It looks wrong and childish and it reminds her again and again and again how lonely she is.

Of course she cries! She's allowed to fucking cry! Anyone who says otherwise has pigshit for brains. *Give her Mahiru back!* Her anger festers more and more as she keeps tying and tying and… and then Sonia, stupid, perfect, well-endowed Sonia, offers her the full length mirror and it's not the *dumbest* idea she's ever heard, she supposes—and she's a little sick of not being dressed—so she runs out, feeling slightly more confident.

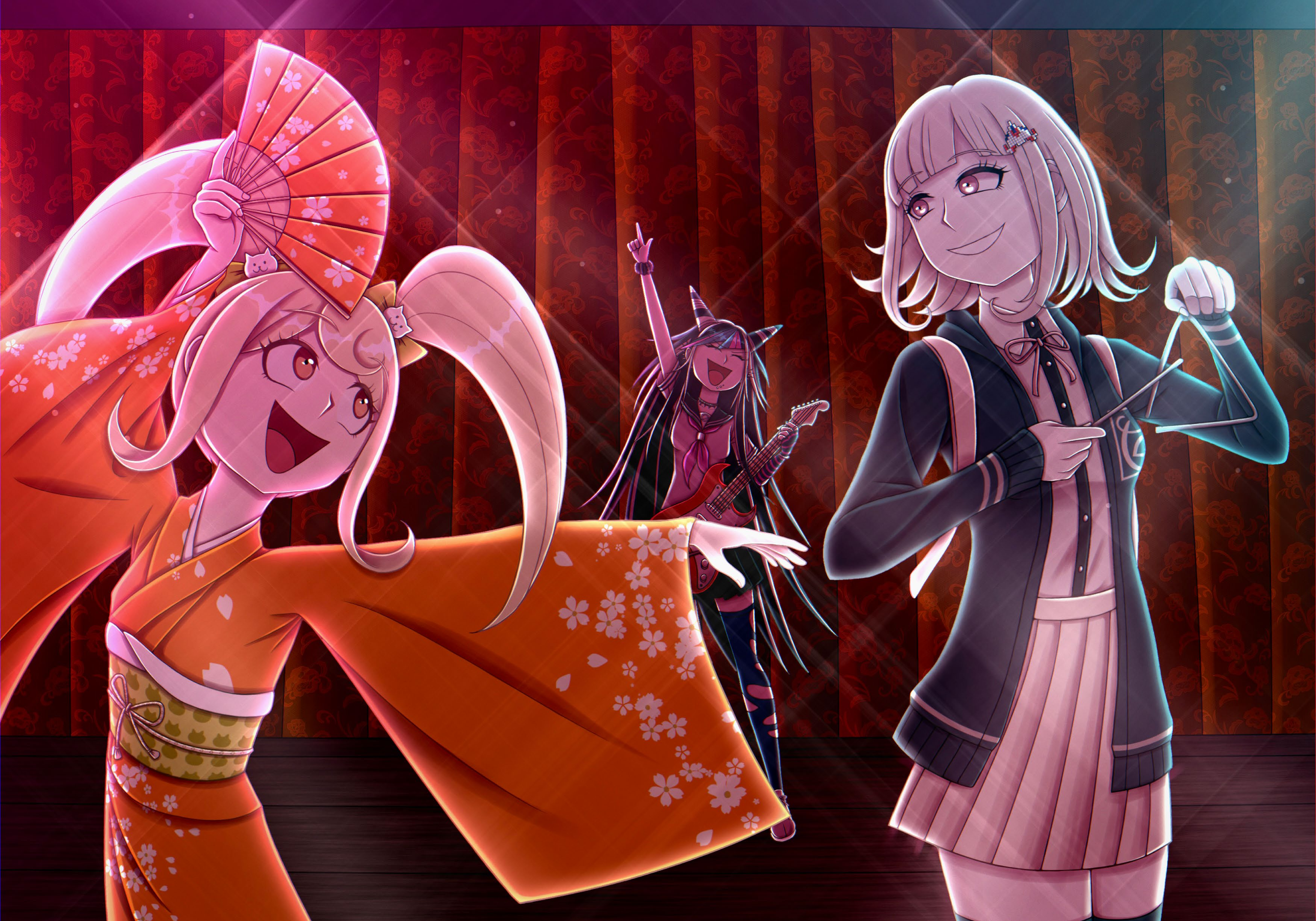
She *can* do it! Mahiru believed in her!

It's only a short distance, so she's fully pumped up as she blasts the doors open in a hurry to get changed. But what she finds inside…

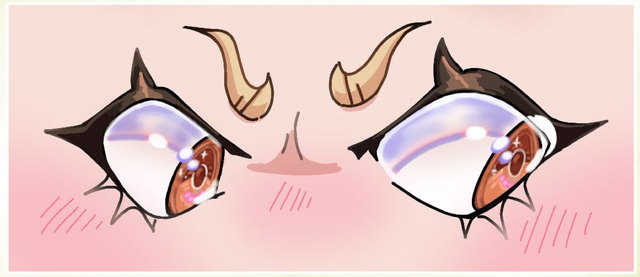
“Huh? Mikan? What’s goin—”



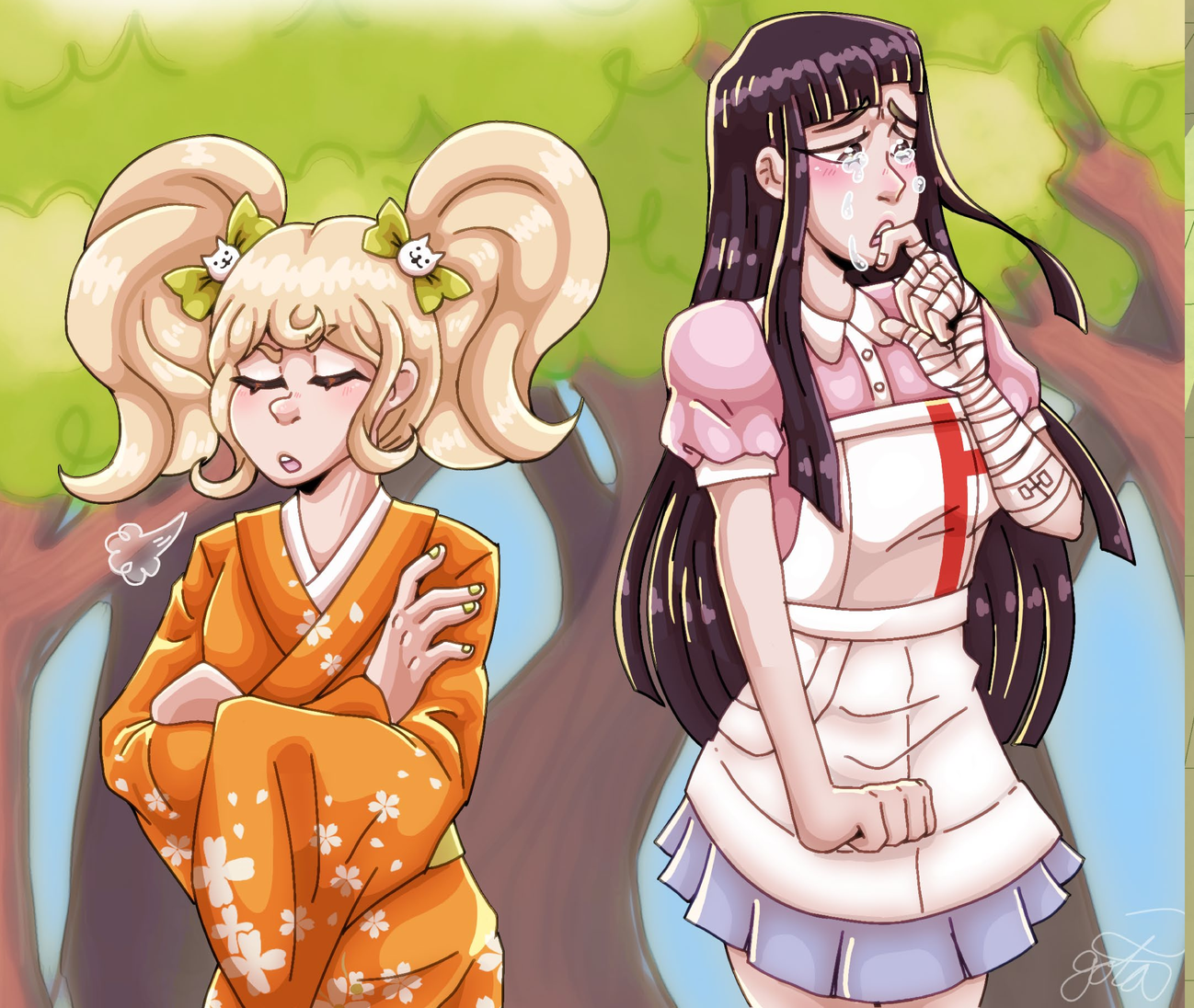
Even her death is fucking pathetic.

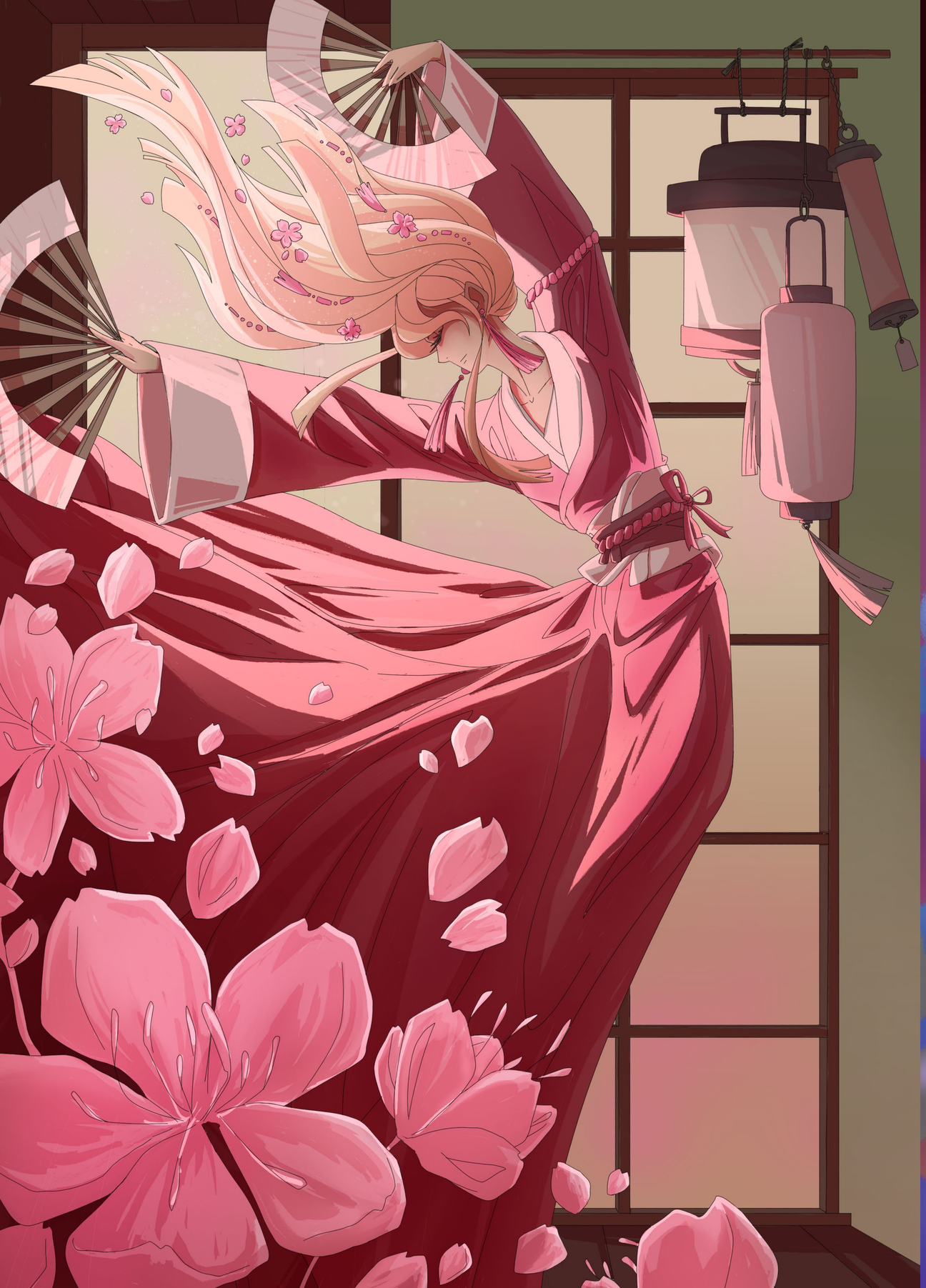


"do you really hate me, Saionji ?"



"...no"





Take Flight

by ritsukabee, illustrated by Tweek Amami

“Are you really sure about your decision? Everything will be different after it. It won’t come back.” Hiyoko’s grandma said that with a serious tone, and a serious expression.

That woman seemed surely out of place in that simple home of theirs. She exuded an elegant air and aura that couldn’t be replicated easily. Someone dangerous, if one could be so bold to think.

However it wasn’t something a little girl that was sheltered from the world by her father until that moment would pay too much attention to.

Hiyoko had a wish that she could trade anything for, or it was what she thought at that time.

But, even with that determination, the heaviness of the atmosphere would eventually affect her somehow.

For a moment, the girl actually hesitated. But seeing what she thought was a provocation in her grandma’s expression, she could not back down.

“I will show all of you what I can do, I already promised daddy!” Hiyoko said with a satisfied tone while she crossed her arms to her chest.

She missed the shared look between the adults in the room.

Not too long after, Hiyoko took her packed things and went to live with her grandmother.

It did take some time for Hiyoko to admit it to herself, but when she found the dead rats in her bedroom, where she still thought she would be kind of safe at that place, the girl had to cry a little.

With that, almost all her walls would eventually break and she would cry for good, but then she had to stop all that.

“Hiyoko-sama, are you alright? The dinner will not take long to arrive… Oh, who could have done it! It should be the new maids, they don’t have any shame!”

The tone was not careful enough. Taking the veil of deliberate ignorance out, everything seems clearer than before to her.

But Hiyoko still wanted to believe in her only friend in that place. Alas, as the trust she had put in other people before that, it was all a waste.

It seemed that “friendship” was resumed to it: the kind of thing weak people do to survive, like her grandmother had told her before.

She didn’t like her grandma. Hiyoko didn’t know if she ever did, but that woman could be wise, especially considering the circumstances they were in.

Hiyoko had to protect herself.

So she had to sacrifice who she was, and was proud of.

She started to act crazy. And the tears that she held on before would be her weapon.

“Are you sure everything is alright with you, my dear? You could see me more, if you are free of course.” Her father said with a casual tone, but Hiyoko could perceive traces of worry.

“What are you saying, daddy? Only now I have time to make some calls, but don’t worry it won’t take long for me to visit later!” Hiyoko would say with a determined tone.

Both of them knew that it was somehow empty words, but they wouldn't say anything out loud.

They could only hope things would not change more than they had already.

Before, Hiyoko wasn’t so particular with old things. But as the time passed it seemed to be the most relatable thing to her. She couldn’t take anything back from her past, so she actually felt for other “past things” that could be forgotten.

She dedicated herself to the traditional dance more than ever. And she became the best that there was.

It was a dream come true!

However, it didn’t keep out the ghost of herself haunting her in her sleep.

“That is alright for sure, but you are still a dumb chick that can’t do anything alone!”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Dumb ghost, idiot place. Ahhhhh, why did school also have to start!?” Hiyoko complained to herself.

“Well… if it’s a problem to me, it sure also can become a problem to them if it’s not.” She laughed to herself, maybe some mischief could help her mood somehow.

Then the most unexpected thing happened when she went to that school.

There was actually a place to belong. There were people that would genuinely listen to her, that cared about her beyond her name.

Except her father, no one would act like that before, in a way that would make her want to cry genuinely.

In fact, it made her feel uncomfortable for some time. She tested and tested them, where she could, even if it was unfair and childish.

And after too long, they were still by her side.

“Squish! Squish! Hey, daddy! Look, look! Mr. Ant is making funny noises!” Hiyoko said, while pressing the ants against the earth.

“Oh, really? You seem to be having fun, Hiyoko.” Her father messed her hair, with a smile on his face.

“Of course, it is so dumb…! ... and don’t mess my hair again, daddy! It is hard to fix! You will have to teach me again!” Hiyoko could only complain, but her words didn’t carry seriousness.

“Sure, it’s already time for us to go home. I will teach you there. Or you can ask your mom…” Her father suggested without thinking too much.

“No! It has to be you!” Hiyoko said with an angrier tone, but changed for a sad tone not too long after. “Sorry… you know she does not have the patience to teach, and doesn't let me do anything! I want to do it alone!”

“You have really grown up.” Her father said with a gentler smile on his face.

“I have to! I have to protect you at least!” Hiyoko said with determination.

“It’s the adult’s job to protect their child, not the opposite… What an idea!” Her father had to mess up her hair again, with a heavier heart.

“... You don’t need to protect me anymore, daddy! As you said, I am already grown up and… stop, stop, stop! My hair will be unsavable at this rate!”

“Sorry, your daddy couldn’t help it.” Her father could only pretend to be fine with all that. “I promise to help you fix it back as before.”

“You said it!” Hiyoko said with an angry look, but she smiled again soon. “Yey! When we get back, let’s also eat some Japanese sweets together!”

When she was like that, it really showed that she didn’t grow up at all. While her father was happy, because it didn’t feel like they were separated for too long, he also couldn’t help worrying again.

They were all in an awkward situation.

The least he could do would be to stay in a place where Hiyoko could see him. She was still his child, after all. Even if things would develop in a way that would make them both forget it and be like strangers.

Fortunately, that day was a simple one with some kind of hope.

It was like it had happened the day before.

“Hurry, hurry, daddy! It’s gonna get started!” Hiyoko said while extending her hands in the air with excitement.

“You really like the dance, don’t you, Hiyoko?” Her father said, with a gentle smile, when they finally reached their places to sit.

“Of course! They’re delicate and pretty when they do that! I can’t stop watching!” Hiyoko said with a happy tone.

Without thinking anything in particular, her father couldn’t help saying the next words:

“... so why don’t you start dancing too, Hiyoko? Your dad still doesn’t understand much of it, but I will surely watch it if it’s you.”

“... really? That 's awesome…! You better watch as you said, daddy, because I will be the best there is!”

“I’m sure you will achieve it, if it is what you want, Hiyoko... You are my daughter, so I know it.” Her father couldn’t help but smile with pride for Hiyoko again.

“Awnnn. I will be embarrassed like this! But thank you, you are the best daddy there is!”

So the dance started. And after that day, Hiyoko did as she said, and dedicated herself to learning that art.

It also didn’t take long, for that path she chose to take, to close the door for whatever other possibility she could have in her life.

With it, the way was only forward. Flight high until she couldn’t see the hurt at some point, while it still surely accumulated, only the old and comforting clean blue sky as a companion.

But that day happened, fortunately, so it wasn’t so lonely anymore in the clean blue sky. There were some interesting people still on earth.

It was like that until she forgot it.

BFFS
KEEP BEING SWEET (and sour ☺)-MK♡

Miss Hiyoko!
Look! Bug!
AHHHHHH
WAIT! No! Bug-bug Friend!
A BUG! GET IT AWAY!
No! We should just squish it!! It's icky and gross!!!
No! Listen! This is carpenter ant. It can carry up to 50 times own body weight! Cool! Right?
!!!
Oh. Well... I guess that is sort of interesting ... maybe... tell me more?
Well ant help disperse seeds! Also over 12,000 species of ant and - and homes can have 50,000...

Growing Pains

by Rin, illustrated by gayest.of.them.all

“Ah, Hiyoko?”

Hiyoko’s body tensed when she heard her name, her head shooting upwards. Mikan stood a bit away, her delicate and scarred fingers playing with a necklace she got from who knows where. The tip of her off-colored white sneaker grinding into the beige-ish tile, a clammy hand grasping at the excess fabric of her pants. Her plum hair was tied into a loose braid that Sonia helped her with during their morning meeting. Mikan’s purple eyes anxiously looked at her as she waited for an answer.

Hiyoko clicked her tongue and looked at the side, grasping the thin paper on the shitty medical bed. “What?”

“Did… you not hear what I said?”

“Of course not; why would I listen to someone like you?”

“Because… you came to me first?”

“Damn you, Hajime,” Hiyoko muttered under her breath, bouncing her foot on the ground.

“E-Excuse me?”

“It doesn’t concern you!”

Hiyoko crossed her arms and pressed her sweaty fingers in the space between her ribs. She *hated* how she had to go see Mikan, which is what she had tried to avoid for the longest time. She’d waken up with a raging headache from who knows what and initially went to Hajime to miss out on the awkwardness of being with her. But when she got to him, Mr. Ultimate Everything had his hands full dealing with other things and had no time for her. Hiyoko only sucked up her pride and went to Mikan after Mahiru urged her to go.

She bit the inside of her lip and balled her hands into fists. “You know, I’m not going to forgive you for–”

Hiyoko looked up and saw that Mikan had slipped out of the room while wallowing in her thoughts. Her face heated in embarrassment, and she quickly

looked down at the ground. She gripped her skirt and tore the dry skin off her bottom lip, running her tongue over the uneven surface.

She jumped when she heard some clatter in the hallway, instinctively letting out a sigh. Mikan walked in a few seconds later with a pill bottle in her hand. Her fingertips held the white lid and handed it to her.

“Here.”

Hiyoko looked at the bottle in confusion before she looked at the nurse. “What’s this for?”

Mikan drew back her hand and looked at her with furrowed brows.

“Your… headache?”

Hiyoko huffed and glanced back down at the pills collected on the wall of the bottle. She bit her lip and tightened her grip on her skirt to hold back from swinging it across the room. She should’ve gone to the store and gotten some damn medicine herself if she had gone through all of this for some painkillers.

She scoffed and glanced toward the mold-covered wall. “You think that I actually trust that crap?”

“Oh,” Mikan looked at the label for a quick second before she looked back at Hiyoko. “It’s an acetaminophen; somewhat similar to ibuprofen, but–”

“I don’t care about that! How do I know you won’t try to kill me in my sleep!?”

She paused as she looked at her like a deer in headlights. “I… I have no reason to–”

“You have no reason to, huh?” Hiyoko repeated, frowning as she tapped her foot on the ground.

“I–”

“You know what,” She firmly planted her feet on the ground and stood up. Mikan let out a small squeak and instinctively put her arms to defend herself.

Hiyoko looked at her before she huffed and yanked the bottle out of her quivering hands. She gripped the bottle before she made her way to the door. “I’m leaving.”

The timid nurse perked up and took a tiny step toward her. “B-But–”

“I don’t wanna hear it!”

Hiyoko made a beeline to the hospital's front door, grumbling about how she had utterly wasted her time. She swung the door open with all her force, somewhat glad no one was standing outside, or else she would’ve smacked them in the face. But she would’ve hoped it was someone like Kazuichi so she could at least get a laugh out of it.

When she crossed the third bridge to the main island, she saw Hajime dragging a light trail of dust behind him. His mixed-matched eyes looked at her as she stepped off the bridge and onto the sandy path. He stopped, balancing on his foot before pivoting and turning to meet her.

He gave her a short wave and stopped a few feet away. “Hey, do you still need any help?”

Hiyoko scoffed and crossed her arms in front of her chest. “You’re a little too late, you know!”

Hajime drew his hand back and furrowed his brows, tilting his head a bit in a mixture of worry and confusion. “I’m… sorry?”

She rolled her eyes and pulled her lips into a frown. “If you would’ve made time when I first asked you, maybe I wouldn’t have been stuck with Mikan for the past gruelling 10 minutes.”

The expression on his face fell as the gears started to turn in his head.

His lips tensed up as he further furrowed his brows. “Is that why you came to me first?”

“Of course it is, you dingus. Jeez, maybe Mahiru was right about you being stupid.”

“Wha–”

Without waiting for him to say anything else, she stormed off and made a beeline to her cottage. Hiyoko slammed the door behind her and collapsed onto her bed, letting her feet dangle aimlessly off the edge. She held her breath for a few seconds before letting out a heavy exhale and warming her face. She moved her head to the side and looked at the bottle that loosely sat in her hand.

Mikan wasn’t stupid enough to give her some labelless bottle, so at least she wasn’t taking some random ass pills. She didn’t recognize the words on the bottle but could always go to Hajime to see what it was. But then again, she’d have to swallow her pride and approach him after shouting at him. So, maybe not.

Hiyoko ran her thumb over the slightly textured paper before she tightened it and threw it across the room. It was better if she just sucked it up and slept it off; when did a nap ever hurt?

She plopped down on her bed and buried her face in her pillow, tightly closing her eyes as she tried to force herself to go to sleep. Minutes turned to hours as she lay face down, the ache in the back of her head throbbing along with the passing seconds. The voices of her former classmates taunted her as they passed by her cottage and enjoyed their day, her hands grabbing her sheet.

Hiyoko pushed herself off her bed, eyes moving to the bottle that rested on the floor, text facing her. She laid where she was for a bit before she got up, tired body making her way over. Her knees lightly popped as she knelt, took the bottle in her hand, and ran her fingers over the label like she did before. Her grip tightened, the burning desire to chuck it across the room once more, her tensed muscles relaxing as she let out a heavy sigh.

She pressed her palm on the textured cap and twisted it open, the lid coming off with a small *pop*. Hiyoko peered into the bottle and examined the pills at the bottom, determining that they were fine after moving them around for a bit. She dumped one out in her hand before she put it in her mouth and washed it down with handfuls of faucet water.

Hiyoko retreated to her bed, staring at the textured ceiling for what felt like an eternity before flipping through a book she borrowed from Sonia and never returned.

Her walls were painted with the soft glow of the sunset, her shadow cast on the wooden floor and back to the bed. An anxious finger tapped on her knee as her eye blankly stared at the wall across from her, her lips pressing together as a shaky sigh left her nose.

Her palms pressed against the floor and she pushed herself up, socked feet sliding against the wooden panels as she lumbered to her door. Hiyoko grasped the handle and turned it before she swung the door open. A bright light engulfed her body as the warm breeze wafting off the coast of Jabberwock Island flowed past. She inhaled the salty air and took her first step onto the deck for a while.

Hiyoko mentally made plans to go talk to Mahiru, perhaps letting her know that she hadn’t yet withered away from her headache and still being stuck on this godforsaken island. Those plans almost immediately fell through when she stepped outside and saw Mikan standing on the deck, her gentle hands caressing Fuyuhiko as she went on with her rambled worrying. She watched them from the entrance to her door, not making any moves to catch one of their attention.

Her eyes couldn’t help but bounce between the two of them. Besides Fuyuhiko’s missing eye and his apparent change of heart, she realized how much Mikan changed from the last time from their school days at Hope’s Peak. Granted, she was still just as annoying as she was before, with her nagging almost motherly reminders to do things. But, as much as it irked Hiyoko, she felt like she couldn’t be mad since everyone was trying to redeem past efforts in one way or another.

But looking at the nurse, knowing (partially) what she’d been through over the last few years, Hiyoko couldn’t help but notice her somewhat more confident aura surrounding her.

A strong warm breeze of wind tumbled through the alley of cottages, specks of water beneath the boardwalk sprinkling the stained wood. Hiyoko looked up, and her eyes met Mikan’s.

They stared at each other for a few seconds before Mikan released Fuyuhiko’s hand and bid him a quick farewell. He gave a two-fingered wave and put his hands in his pockets, glancing over his shoulder to look at the pair before sauntering off to his cottage.

Mikan watched him before she scurried over and planted her velcroed nurse in front of her. “Ah, there you are, I was getting worried.” Her eyebrows furrowed for a quick second as fingers tied themselves together. “Are you… feeling better?”

She had the urge to spit a string of insults to her but bit her tongue before they had the chance to slip past her lips. Her stomach churned at the thought of remaining stagnant and staying as the same person she was all those years ago. It was damaging to her pride, and if anything the idea was holding everyone back was worse.

“I’m feeling just fine, mind you,” Hiyoko pressed her lips together, eyes moving down to avoid the taller girls’ gaze. “But… thanks.”

The end of her sentence came out like a whisper, but her words still seemed to find a way to reach Mikan. Her scarred fingers twitched and froze before she relaxed and rubbed her fingers together. “I... I’m glad to hear that! If you need anything else, feel free to reach out to me, okay?”

“Yea, I will.”

MIKAN IS
AN UGLY
PIG

credits

RainbowCheshire

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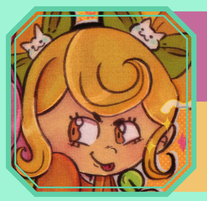
monkey prinx

monkeyprinx

Seph

tsumikifm



Ari

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Ari

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Wolf

SteampunkWolves

BagofJax

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Lynn

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FaeOfStars

FaeOfStars

Lava/Leon/Logan

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GAYEST OF THEM ALL
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HIPPIECOCKATOO
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SAM
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LAVA/LEON/LOGAN
punk-pitcher
RAINBOWCHESHIRE
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